



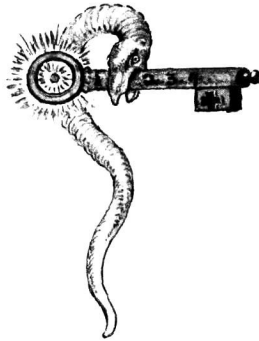
▷ Moonlight Books

COUNTERFEIT POEMS

J.J. Loe

J. J. LOE

COUNTERFEIT
POEMS



Sanguineam vomit ille animam.

♪*MOONLIGHT BOOKS – FORT WORTH, TX

MMXI

“And the earth in its winged seeds, like a poet
in his thoughts, travels...”

– Saint-John Perse

– CONTENTS –

The Word ...	7
Son Of Pan ...	8
Hamadryad ...	9
Venus ...	10
Poseidon's Horses ...	11
The Flight Of Anaxagoras ...	12
The Graces ...	13
Cross Currents ...	14
Alma ...	15
Sunday Morning, Salt Lake City ...	16
Sundance ...	17
Poem For A Stranger's Son ...	18
Runes ...	19
La Maja ...	20
Daemonium ...	21
Nightworld ...	22
First Blush ...	23
The Butterfly ...	24
A Song For The Squirrel ...	25
(1943) ...	27
The Watch ...	28
Distant Harbors...	29
Glaucus ...	30
A Passage ...	31
Amour ...	32
Vagaries Of Love ...	33
Ephemera ...	35
Garden ...	36
Counterfeit Poems ...	37
Fighters ...	38
Sunset ...	39
Yesterday's News ...	40
Lest We Forget ...	41
Upon The Hour ...	42
Memorial ...	43
Eternity ...	44
Limbo ...	45
No Compass ...	46
Prodigal ...	47
Haunted House ...	48
The Pearl ...	49

COUNTERFEIT POEMS

THE WORD –

Before we knew the thing we called *Ourselves* – “Mind”

formless and without consequence –

there came the language of magical persona.

Where in the center of it the eye marked all about

and called it by name. Likened sensation w/ broken branches –

the finger of God reaching straight down into the roots

of the clouds / their warm & swelling walls – to split the Word

from its diaphanous wings.

Now – w/ soles blackened / the garden bare and washing

amongst the shards and ruins of mountains from the high meridian –

the 4 pm sun breaks the high-water mark of the doorway

and the quick clamor of black-eyed children

flicker across the scattered walls like colliding rivers

in the white day.

– They dread not this nothingness of Time.

– They are symbols suggesting light / the delicate rime in the hard
centers of our bodies.

They whisper to the silent earth: I am flowing.

To the flashing waters say: I am.



SON OF PAN –

In the body of a child: the plains of China / the dream
of plum-tree flowers.

One from the number of One

as in the grammar of the leopard's ellipsical coat...

Stars ascend / descend – You are a fish in the ocean /
a prose in work. Wealth / amusement and harmony crank
at the wheels of invention that swim fat as Buddhas
in china-blue eyes.

Moving now through leaves of grass – Your lips part /
empirical and oblivious – smote w/ heron blood...

A vestige of ancient mystery, walking *as though clarity*
could just pour forth uninterrupted.



HAMADRYAD –

With her calyx spread – sky-clad / wind-slick
before me:
like the lithe silver of young eucalyptus...

She has revealed herself upon this narrow bed.

How slim her sinews –
nude in the slow thought of eventide.
How fresh the scent / the salve
violet and peppermint
beneath these perennial star's night wood.



VENUS –

Bleat!

The dank white ‘plash of the gull.

Its sleek stem stripped sleeker still than the petals of iodine /
the long scan of the waves –
its bloom out-swelling the green wash of the sea.

Upon the ebb and in the spray of the bow

I have seen her ride shelled in pearly rim / sleepless doldrums
– Blushing with deceit and eloquence.

I have seen her in schools and in the stores /

in my youth and old age / upon the labyrinth of currents –
Hair and features of wind and sun –
clothed this day in gulls wings

(white azaleas).



POSEIDON'S HORSES –

Mytilene: 2:45 am –

The touch of waiting / the failing wind
gilded by the moon's porcelain deconstruction.
The faint smell of patchouli –
adulteries / Sappho's slender hand.

A light from the window breaks across the door /
catching the sleeping profile of her face
which carves the sleek silhouette of an ancient amphora
overturned upon the wall.

Outside the sounds of silence twist in the summer leaves
and cast upon the open balcony their citrus scent.

They combine with the curve of the crescent moon /
the sleeping vessel / and fill the breeze with that ivory foal
riding down from the heavens –
the astronomer's dreamy bay.

On a chair her clothes drape provocatively
as if she had just vanished from inside of them –
their receding forms delineate what is missing inside.

Already the neighboring houses have dematerialized
along the incandescent banks of the bedsides.

As somewhere in a tangent universe
Poseidon's horses turn in the prow of a failing ship /
finding the lip at the edge of the world
and skirting within a breath of oblivion –

the shadow's wind blows suspicions of illusion
over all that I am.



THE FLIGHT OF ANAXAGORAS –

In the vision of Andromeda:

dolphins / phosphorous wheels.

A silver sundering cut from the craft of reason's winsome brow
/ in fragments of the world passing off from me –
what Nous set in motion philosophically.

As the heavens turn above / the seas cast back their nether claims
/ giving up their ancient relics – the salt and the flame
– a white ship braved upon a frothy sea.

In the turn of the prow disintegrate shores revolve
and combine generation after generation. – A cold moon /
a rare knowledge / a wind measured by the passing
of dead ships.

(Smell of brimstone / Old paper.)

My eye turns to the black stars in the lofty darkness
of black winds: green-gilled / horse-maned –
A slick psychic ship-wreck tossed upon the jetties
where ancient boatmen navigate the seas of silent Atlantis –
white slight of brine upon the rolling deck /
its wood pitched in Clazomenae.

In effigy I raise the lantern: my bright and burning self –
piloting these narrow straits between the living
and the dead.



THE GRACES –

To Brilliance, Joy and Thoughtfulness –
may youth and pleasure attend your footsteps.

I once caught a glimpse of your hidden nature
when the mask of Silenus was opened
in the dawn of day as the fresh dew breathed
on all that night had scattered –
the Gods within were at once revealed
and Socrates danced.



CROSS CURRENTS –

Caught in the cross-currents –
men of all complicated example / like sand castles
ever-varying. –
Infinitesimal: every slight silent clarity they subjugate.

(Smell of tobacco / musk of thirty wolves.)

What I miss in their detail the retreating tides will soon reveal.

Bathed in the white lunations of a dream
sleepers swine and rut / suffer perfect war /
obliged not to fight – that one should not fight a loosing battle.

To the west the north and the south
the mystics are disintegrating / scattered with the dust
of eastern winds – where idling engines imbued with cold
unsleeping hum in the dark between / in the limbo between
the corners of the world.

(I am now a grandmother / a fore-knowing.)

Wheels, hubs and shafts labor forward upon simple principles:
consign our dust to the Lord.

In the breaks great white horses come up
to lick the froth of the foam that wild winds ride.
Then disperse
into a cover of hands / like merchants of the Absolute –
to lay impelled and broken upon the beach
bristling like flies.



ALMA –

I saw you in an apple orchard – *Bold as Brass*
– If we can believe the newspapers had turned you
not unseen to resemble their faces stained with red.

The men. / The mothers.

From time to time the pandemonium standing white
in the middle on the 4th of July /
paring the fruit of my mouth.

The light was written upon your body –
A white blade upon white skin
– traced in a red circle.



SUNDAY MORNING, SALT LAKE CITY –

A cough / a sigh – newspapers pile up outside the door-step /
wind-chimes sparkle in diadems of sunlight.
A naked man trims his beard / thinks he looks like Jesus Christ.
His waxen anatomy planes of cosmology and heredity.
 Sap oozes into the tips of tree-branches /
 ornamental buds rub against the window.
The sky is pure – the body whiter.
Girls clad in breath
pass / stand still like the hummingbird.



SUNDANCE –

Pale ablutions on the banks of the winter season /
the wings of wild geese – windy western brine of Utah.
Attic spaces – eulogies / yawning sands.

Aurora Borealis – the Astronomer's dreamy bay.

The slow coronation of falling snow accentuates this
November's slumber (an artificial paradise) as if driven here
by sails arctic blown and spread undulate upon the ground
as if white-caps tossed an astral sea
amongst the dreams and blankets of this mysterious bed
where silence accumulates.

Softly the muscles report / gel – like poppies in the brain.

In a body of light the sun parches the fill with down.
Blue suburbs roll from the hills / her breasts –
through the mud-caked clouds / over rooftops
and far encampments. –
A sky hung mid-sentence on what last she was saying...

I think I'll lease a tomb next winter in Damascus maybe /
beat my broom clean of these bad dreams.



POEM FOR A STRANGER'S SON –

The memory cells slam hard against the immovable force.

A flight of blackbirds ascend.

White-faced in the wind I found you.

In the fields of the slothful

– Wild Orphan.

A son counterfeit inside the shell of the man / the element
of my body. – Fair and concealed in the rusty sap

and greasy feathers of my labors.

– You are the window which penetrates the curtain /

A salt which penetrates a steel.



RUNES –

Thirteen blackbirds passed through
the thirteen forests of the season –
the last day they alighted
here
in the brittle plum trees.
– Thirteen constellated blackbirds
in the white beginning mind of the season.



LA MAJA –

The citrus scent of the septic sun weaves through
the floating light of the orchard / combines with it
and replaces it with the airs of repose.

The rays of the virgin hours that reach the balcony
reflect against the window panes and are sent backwards /
out over many a wandering lambent mile /
smelling of marijuana and thick somnolent sweat.

Outside the sounds of children and birds tumble forward
like quick novelties of sunshine / wrapped in the floating
motes of the morning.

My thoughts meander towards the river where
slender fathoms of trembling gold intimate this scene.
Where silt is my skin and clay my meat –
and where / banked in shadow / her image rests beside me
in the lingering reminiscence of the night before...

*“Norma de amor te di en ignorancia en el negro fango
ahogadas...”*

In the curve and silhouette of her cheek – as in a Spanish /
or Roman vase – there still holds a stock
of the Andalusian in her like *La Maja* / or wounded wine.

Upon a battered dresser a candle flicks its dim spending
tongue wafting sheets of black waxen soot on the fading
photographs of her childhood until the images of both
mother and father become obscured.



DAEMONIUM –

A long time I passed the streaming morrows
every evening follow in disbelief
the hollow breathing
possibly meaning in fields of being
I passed the hours waiting.

Reason died on cold Greek marble
that summer season when the hemlock
came to seed
the idea of cold Greek marble
without philosophy.

Life is long in the desert
the shadow longer in the doorway.
There is “form” certainly
as never before I go “form” certainly
has the frame of a doorway opening.



NIGHTWORLD –

When in the dead of the night the songbirds sing
and spell the verses constellating around the balcony –
a miracle happens / the melancholy night rolls back
and time and dream form a current
of some unsung philosophy
which only those who sing in the dead of the night
can philosophize.

The shadows scatter and mend the personae /
am I the song or the silence the song so fills?
The day and the night both divine the definition.

The summer blooms wrap tight
around the fecund fruit / the human splendors
the power of mind encapsulizes.

In this nightworld of uncertain identities / shadows
resign the difference between us – either are we not
the song of melancholy or the herald of the light.



FIRST BLUSH –

In my blue morning fantasies –
Foxes run across your wild mouth /
misty plumes swell from the cunning of your brow.
With your eyes enblazed with ineffable winds
moaning rivers twine through the straining of your breath.

Within the shadows loving beasts stalk the silence / the flesh
of shuddering forms that stir the scents and the senses.

Amongst the rushes and the thirst /
across the hunted shoulders and the shores
blue herons scatter amidst our splaying limbs.
Where beds of rosethrushes and heaving bodies merge –
the bright day breaks / the threads of life conspire.



THE BUTTERFLY –

Oh let the humid air lift your wings
sweet butterfly
into the summer sunshine!
The spreading birches hidden in the valley
conceal wonders
of poetry and industry / the white blank pages
full of silence
scale the slopes with trembling
fingertips / a hushed knowing
of you alone.

Through the hold the light breaks the thought
and the rules of language
flitter away
upon the summer scents /
the secrets of the way
revealing a blaze of sudden flowers
at play upon my tongue.



A SONG FOR THE SQUIRREL –

Amongst the blur of the winsome willow
the squirrel weaves in and out of focus /
vanishes
hidden in the intangible whispering
amongst the blur of the winsome willow.

Into the stolen garden we escape.
Come sparrows and crows / the passing sky.
The amorous hording in the keep
sustaining us through the winters –
the forbidden fruits of the garden.

And we will map these gardens
by ascent and decent / these amorous gardens.
And night in eaves and thoughtless nests
away from the prying tongues of the serpents /
the raining mists of the garden.

Upon the summer ground a flash of shadow
scurries amongst the dusty daisies –
a silence cribbing lines of Levertov
ringing and green / phonetic as the voice of God
in the mind of simple creatures.

Here the squirrel suspends its direction
and finds its way inside insistence.
All hermetic symmetries recede in vain pursuit
and the turning blur of realisation.
The squirrel needs nothing from you.

It knows nothing of our vanities
but the invocations of voice
culled from thunderstorms /
a blooming maze
of intangible voices insisting God.



(1943) –

That year the sea rose slowly from the plain / crashing into
life swollen as an infant. – A thing of its own shadow
traced out of the ripple. – Salt white over red sand passed
from bosom into hand.

Everything that year stopped seeking / stopped struggling
with it's fate.

Things primal held in their primacy things with meanings
unknown before. – A fleet of sea-ships auspiciously set strewn
upon the floors bind the time and the space to a strange
and distant sounding place. Where the bleeding tide
fares a name and the breaking penumbra threads the swelling
furrows of the plain passed from bosom into red.



THE WATCH –

Blacker stands the Mariner in fields of maize
Knit with mar-line and stuffed with straw

Watching the surge of the sea:

Black gulls. Bloated squalls.

Blue with eventide.



DISTANT HARBORS –

Along the rim which rings the far horizon
the hours sound the compass /
distant music builds
and falls from the very same stars
which shine upon you
as they do myself. –

Let us navigate these evening visions
together and alone / as vessels escaping
the hold which space insists upon us. –
Tracing a path from this pen
to your distant comforts
and the wonders which hold your gaze –
the light from my window unfurls
as on masted canvas
into your lambent harbor.



GLAUCUS –

Ozone

The scent of urine cakes

Ammonia

Brine and steel

The taste

Of tasteless magazine pulp

That stains the tongue w/ memories

Of nudity

Seaman's semen

Modigliani's women

List of port

Pearl

Starboard

Keel to mast-head

Resolve

Wed the ultra-

Epicurean

Marine

With the inked wash

Of moon-rising

Iodine



A PASSAGE—

Through the coitus of skin and sky
and through
the nocturnal delights which cleave the eye
from it's starry destination –
the bare keel of the universe
breaks the relics of our lucky stars
where each body connects
to create this corporal ship.

Blue meadows roll from your brow /
 cut the starboard hour
 with the bronze peal of the morning star.
Solar plains spire from the quiet asylum of your ear.
In the first rays of the morning sun
 your hair trails of thought /
an ancient shore line. –
And I, a sailor,
 am shipwrecked in the light
 which moves its flawed draw
across thy cool hand.

Passing into white communion
 a pure brightness intuitively human
 like dreams through the air we breathe
 driven outward from art and death –
 We abandon the cold geometry's
 of our flesh and sex
 becoming without boundaries:
 ocean size.



AMOUR –

“Love is like holding a wild bird in your hand.”

– The sun counterfeit inside the nut’s shell.

Like the apotheosis of a dream in the sunshine of our youth ...

“near and hard to grasp” as the Apple of mine eyes –

which is an original Truth whispered softly in the cup of your ear.

Being at odds with appearance / carrying forebodings
late into life – I hope for the cure:

What mystery dwells in those winter tones.

Patience. Charity.

A word which, perhaps, says the unknown

that is at work in the meaning I allow to unfold.



VAGARIES OF LOVE –

I.

All around you / announced in down
falls the moon
hemmed by crews of thieves
and entropy.

In the white-washed vistas
sleepers hold in the solution /
 unfold from sheets of chlorine
rending arm with arm
leg with leg
 until man assumes woman
woman / man
with unerring labor.

II.

Every wrong act
standing
and placed in
an imaginary circle
a vessel
or spine
narrowing at the neck
a green effacing
stem forming
a rosy spur.

III.

Comic our tragic lips
poison and sing

Scattered upon the night's
vagrant landscapes

A sickle of scorpions
where the wheat falls

A span of moonlight
upon the half-lit door.



EPHEMERA –

I.

Along the incandescent banks of the Yangtze
– the green star of the wood inside /
the lingering smell of nearing maturity
– O Pearl of Cold Mountain
whose idle clouds crag in the sap.

II.

Under the sun-blackened meridian /
slaved stamen of this lantern's glow –
the peal of her pleasance rolls
naked as a ship seduced
upon a sea of dragon-fly wings.

III.

Windless – a lone white heron
ascends the thoughtless day /
the sky moves
bottomless and deep
beneath the oarsman's quiet boat.



GARDEN –

In this paradise of gardens
I graft this tree
for a moment not crossed
more innocently
as when one's youth has passed.

And so I 'ply its knowledge
and tree this graft
as merely the fruit of a sentence
and never the past
flowering vessel of my existence.



COUNTERFEIT POEMS –

These are counterfeit poems / as plastic
 flowers upon a grave
are of the wiltless representations
 of the lilies which Christ so admired.
They are an essence which exists
 no longer / as a poem
is of the mind which passes easily along
 w/ the next coming sensation
unfolding as it does in gestures of sympathy.



FIGHTERS –

Throwing face against face
and wall against the flesh of their negation –
the fighters move in embrace /
and humid intuition.
Their hands and eyes colliding
in a twist of brilliant reds
becoming now the trembling force /
now again the suit in one another. –
A pessimistic reciprocity returning again
to the dust of astral inertia /
shadows from the bar-lamp lights.
From this fog of violence hope communicates
the essential sum of passion. –
The gestures of natural politics define
without consciousness /
but abandon and ineffable convalescence.



SUNSET –

The distance / closed in the amber transit
of the light –
 swells in the abyss /
in the first illusion abdicated to the night.
All within it abstracts
 and impresses against the intonations
of the hours / their eternal caprice
in reds and violets –
 in waves of forgotten days /
the intimacy of fleet sensations
which enclose the dreams of a distant race.

Upon the rain-slick clouds
swift reflections arc
 to the play of laughing stars breaking
the possibilities of being.



YESTERDAY'S NEWS –

From a single obsolete page
the truth of time drifts
across the tarnished medium of a forgotten moment.
The births / the funerals. –

Children now grown & contracting themselves
into the silent sentiments of uncertain shadows
reform upon the imagination / turning the current
of our lives into mere transgressions of the progress
we had hoped we had made. –

Everything lost returning back again.
From the faded headlines to the advertised figures
separating the past from the jealous concerns of today /
a moment of prolonged obsolescence
reads interminably across the page.



LEST WE FORGET –

Years since the Old Times avenged the memories
of those reviled divinities
the modern Gomorrah storms up from the plains –
a vision of silver & green
held up by the cruel administrations of heroic hands.

Being torn now between destiny & untold savagery –
I feel myself nearer the hero
when over the gentle towns of Purgatory
a taste of ash fills the air
as if we were celebrating on the Fourth of July.



UPON THE HOUR –

In the loneliness and neglect;
And in yearning for what we don't possess –
Most of love only vaguely cedes.

Life slips away in retrospect,
To wish for days one ever forgets –
A truth of love that never leaves.



MEMORIAL –

I.

Under the ancient earth
the roots of the trees find you /
bring you again to the sunlight.
What strange fruit
bares such strains of sweetness
I may press of you?

Above the old family home
the wind draws you
amongst the moving clouds /
the sun breaks
the ripened fruit laying open
their enduring seeds.

II.

Awakening now with the memory –
your vision coalesces
from the rudiments of my slumber
softly / whispering
in the half-light morning air –
the tangled idea
of your hair upon the pillow.



ETERNITY –

It creates Eternity
this endlessly dripping faucet –

In brilliant white fluorescence...

I will fall void
down the drain
composed of so little
as an eternity
of penumbras cast
upon white porcelain –

Every attempt
hemmed so round
as to manifest another.



LIMBO –

Like a cell bursting

Open
and light entering a hot dream –
the shards of the broken bulb
illuminate a new condition /
a new expression of the Idea.

All things all at once
further and closer away find their certainty /
in a different way blossom
into rapturous blooms
or terrifying floods of disintegrate atoms.
The splinterings transmuted et al hoc genus omne.
In the chaos
of finding yourself
(in both theory and in practice)
amongst the sweepings in the dustbin.

Reading within the fragments
the borders of life only approximate
between the experience and the secret.
What prophecy found sleeping
in this misshapened forge /
what significance
can such incoherence form?
But darkness.

Let there be light.



NO COMPASS –

What can I do for you, my friend?
What disgrace can I offer to you / pretend
which might shade the awful guilt demands
that life has thrust upon us?
The lines of the poem / its course commands
read a broken moral compass.

You say the moralists are wrong.
The saved profess it all in song.
That poets / broken hearts / the odd
sit finally at the feet of God.



PRODIGAL –

O Home!

The mud on my boots!

These roads

I once so familiarly tread
are the furrows of my palms
(like the days that soon
will also pass)
my hands growing
just that many days
thinner.

As the years take flight
we dare their destiny.

Walking now amongst the naked trees
my footsteps sprout
from their winter boughs
and ascend
deep within the rising skies.
Birds pass
through my fingers.



HAUNTED HOUSE –

The haunted house quiet and breathing
 full of memories and unknowing
weighs upon the mind upon the heavy chest.
 Lost photographs askew the walls
yellowed with age. We are not the memories
 we remember. Our voices carry
down the halls. Our shadows stir.
 The age & the cracks the creaking floors
echo within ourselves a holy thing
 a sacrilege. Monsters and ghosts
inhabit the remains of distant days
 of sorrows and death creeping along
behind us. Color tarnished with dust.
 Ashes in the hearth. In the sunken heart
of a savage house without use anymore.



THE PEARL –

Time is a vandal
entering the clam of the heart as though a grain of sand.
It is our long irritation with it
that slowly forms the pearl of invention.

The sensation of Time is an irritant
which spurs the endeavors of man to an extension of the self –
encompassing it with Spatial transformations.

Emerging from the shell of now
the arrival of the future crests upon the wave of this incursion...
And if its shore I now could reach /
I'd be a joyful jeweler.



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